Weele set her a worke in this businesse.
Mis.Pa. O sheele serue excellent.
Now you come to see my daughter *An* I am sure.
Quic. I forsooth that is my comming.
Mis.Pa. Come go in with me. Come Mis. *Ford.*
Mis.For. I follow you Mistresse *Page.*
Exit Mistresse Ford, *Mis.* Page, *and* Quickly.
For. M. *Page* did you heare what these fellowes (said?
Pa. Yes M. *Ford*, what of that sir?
For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
Pa. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather speakes of enuie,
Then of any certaine they haue
Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps
He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men
Are: But should he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and shrowd words,
Why let me beare the penaltie of it.
For. Nay I do not mistrust my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.
Enter Host and Shallow.
Pa. Here comes my ramping host of the garter,
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse,
That he lookes so merily. Now mine Host?
Host. God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse (you.
Cauelera Iustice I say.
Shal. At hand mine host, at hand. M. *Ford* god den
God den an twentie good M. *Page.* (to you.

I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.
Host. Tell him cauelira Iustice: tell him bully (rooke.
Ford. Mine Host a the garter:
Host. What ses my bully rooke?
Ford. A word with you sir.
Ford *and the Host talkes.*
Shal. Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport (shall be,
Doctor *Cayus* and sir *Hu* are to fight,
My merrie Host hath had the measuring
Of their weapons, and hath (eare:
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your
Host: Hast thou no shute against my knight,
My guest, my cauellira:
For. None I protest: But tell him my name
Is *Rrooke*, onlie for a Iest.
Host: My hand bully: Thou shalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name shall be *Brooke*: Sed I well bully Hector?
Shal. I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleeue
The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on:
For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,
And Church men, yet we are
The sonnes of women M. *Page*:
Pa: True maister *Shallow*:
Shal: It will be found so maister *Page:*
Pa. Maister *Shallow* you your selfe
Haue bene a great fighter,
Tho now a man of peace:
Shal: M. *Page* I haue seene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their stroke & their passado,
I haue made them trudge Maister *Page*,
A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I

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